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## PLAY AS YOU GO

**P**LAY AS YOU GO is a motto whose general adoption in the business world would, if possible, prove a boon to humanity.

No dunning letters, no loans at exorbitant rates of interest, no worries over possible foreclosures, no bankruptcies and increased general prosperity are some of the benefits that would follow the general adoption of this policy.

Of course this is not possible, for modern business is based on credit.

It is, however, possible to avoid some of the toll taken by the demands of industry, and that is through the policy of "play as you go."

Too many people work and worry, slave and sicken, in a ceaseless effort to store up a reserve of capital for a vacation that often never comes. If it comes it is as likely as not to find its intended beneficiaries in no condition to enjoy it.

Far better to play as you go, even if you never enjoy a "vacation" in the generally accepted sense. Make every day a mixture of work and play, toil and relaxation and life will prove a perpetual vacation.

Make the most of life, by making the least of your daily worries. You will master them if you do not permit them to master you, and the way to prevent that is to embrace them with open arms, and prove that they are mere phantoms to be conquered by application and good humor.

Play as you go, and you'll go much further. If you want to "eat your cake and have it too," this is the nearest way to do it.

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All's well that ends swell, murmured the convict during the ceremonies preceding the hanging.

### EVOLUTION OF A BATHING GIRL



OUR OWN PICTORIAL NEWS SERVICE (with subtitles): (1) Eleanor bids good-by to the bus driver. (2) She tries the water and finds it wet. (3) Come on in; the water's fine!

### "Eventually—Why Not Now?"

Said the flipper with the garish tie and trousers wide and roving eye and sideburns slick and lid awry, unto his lady fair: "Now let us have some fun tonight, the hour's young, the moon is bright, we'll dance until the broad daylight, and then we'll take the air—or if that makes no hit with you, I'll tell you just what we can do—we'll ride (and maybe cuddle too); come on, just take a dare. No? Then we'll take a nice long walk, and talk and talk and talk and talk—at this, too dearie, do you balk? Let's eat then, I declare." Said the flapper with the rolled-down hose and boyish bob and turned-up nose and shortened skirt and lips of rose, to her sheik debonair: "I've no desire for a dance, I do not like the way they prance, I simply wouldn't take a chance, at least not now, so there; and driving's certain to amuse, but really, honey, what's the use? Besides I'd hate to ruin my shoes—I only have one pair. To walk I'm not accustomed, see? I'll tell you what looks good to me: Let's go and eat. Do you agree? Say, dearie, you're a bear!"

### DEAR ME!

MARY: "Is that you, dear?"

MICKEY: "Yes, who is this?"

### ELEANOR GOES TO THE DUNES



EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT HAS ITS OWN MEANING: (4) "This is the way we wash our feet." (5) Resting after a swim. (6) Refreshed from the bath, she feels strong enough to pull a truck—and, incidentally, to lick stamps once more on her return to our office.

### PUTTING ART OUT OF HER HEART

WEALTHY RANCHER: "Sweetheart, you love me—you cannot deny it! Tell me that you will marry me!"

MOVING PICTURE STAR: "I can not! I am wedded to my Art!"

WEALTHY RANCHER (not to be denied): "Just wait till I get hold of that guy! I'll make him consent to a divorce."

### PLEASE HELP THE BLIND!

OLD MAID: "Officer, arrest that man! He told me I was beautiful."

OFFICER: "You'll have to excuse him, madam. He means no harm by it. It's just force of habit—he was once a judge in a beauty contest."

### BREAKING IT GENTLY

"Daddy, would you like a shaving glass for your birthday?"

"I have one, May."

"Not any more, Daddy."

# The Girl Who Nearly Was a Bandit

## A Short Story

**STICK 'EM UP!"**

At two o'clock of a Sunday morning Otto Birch, the taxi driver, had just registered the flag charge of 35 cents and was tearing off the meter receipt for his early passenger when the above peremptory command smote his ears and something hard and cold came into contact with his left ribs.

Being of a somewhat ticklish nature and suspecting that a practical joke was being played upon him Otto prepared to make a facetious remark in keeping with the occasion. But one glance at the fair wielder of the automatic convinced him that she was in earnest.

"Lady," urged the gentle chauffeur as his palms shot skyward, "you are making a mistake if you are looking for tribute in the form of cash. I've just come from the shop, and I'm cleaned. Better put up the trouble-maker, and go about your business."

Unfortunately the immediate business of the young lady seemed concerned with the



temporary inconveniencing of the cab pilot. "Never mind, stick 'em up!" was the sole response, given added emphasis by a rather sharp prod.

"Well, I'll have to get the money from beneath the seat where I keep it," declared Otto, apparently reconciled to the inevitable. As he raised the front seat he glanced at the bob-haired bandit out of the corner of his



eye. She made a pretty picture indeed. Garbed in a blue tailored suit, with fiery red hair cut Gloria Swanson style peeping out from beneath her trim toque, black silk stockings and black slippers, the slight young figure seemed the very antithesis of the kind of person who would take to holding up strange taxicab chauffeurs for a livelihood. Nevertheless the wicked looking pistol was a stern and ominous reminder of the grim reality.

Otto had been up against ticklish situations like this before, in the pursuit of his hazardous occupation. Once the muzzle of a gun had rested against the back of his neck, and another time two revolvers pressed against the small of his back had assured him that the demands of his fares were more urgent than loyalty to his company. In each case Otto parted with a large part of the revenue gathered after a busy day's work, and made it up each week with so much out of his pay checks.

However, this time in bending down to remove the filthy lucre, Otto happened to observe that the young lady's eyes were focused upon his face rather than his hands. Looks, however, are often deceptive, so taking a desperate chance Otto suddenly straightened up, seized the young lady's wrist, and attempted to wrest the revolver from her grasp. A struggle ensued, distinguished chiefly by a knee-knocking contest that ended with the capture of the gun and its temporary possessor by the hold-up-ee.

This turning of the tables completely unnerved the would-be female bandit. How she pleaded to be released! "If I let you go you'll only go right ahead till you hold up some other poor sucker; and if he isn't as quick as I was they'll be presenting him with flowers he won't be able to smell," remarked Otto cynically.

"I'll never do it again," implored the Miss. "I lost my job, and was down to my last penny, and if I had not tried this the landlady would have thrown me out on the streets, because I owe her \$6 for last week's rent."

"How do you know she would have thrown you out?" demanded the cynical Otto. "Did she threaten to?"

"No, but I just felt that she would."

"Well, you didn't believe me when I said I had no money, and I don't believe you'll change your ways if I let you go. I guess you'd just better come along to the station."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sidney Long, the cub-reporter, who was trying to make good in newspaper work despite the handicap of a comfortable inheritance, desisted with a start from his more or less pressing occupation of drawing modern hieroglyphics on coarse copy paper.

"Sid," barked his superior, "take a run over to the Minors' Home and get an interview with Adeline Connor, the girl who begged the taxi chauffeur to let her hold him up. I believe there's a story in it."

The newest reporter for the Evening Star encountered unexpected difficulties in his quest for the story. At the Home he was referred by the Acting Lieutenant to the Assistant State's Attorney, and by that dignitary to the Head Parole Officer. The latter informed young Long that minors awaiting trial were under the special protection of the Home, and that no interviews were permitted; furthermore no encouragement would be given to any attempts to exploit their charges. "I'll tell you all about the case," volunteered this functionary, but Sidney was not satisfied. "No second-hand news" was the office rule never-to-be-violated, and Sidney's job was too new to be lost without a struggle.

Sure that he would get the story, but not knowing just how, Sidney descended from the third floor to the first, and while ambling about the spacious corridors he noticed a short, stout gentleman, who appeared to be slightly crippled, pacing excitedly near the witness' waiting room. An authoritative gentleman came up and conversed with him, and, though they spoke in low tones, Sidney caught the words "Mr. Connor" several times. Convinced that this was the cousin of the girl of his quest, Sidney waited for developments.

They were not long in coming. Attendants soon brought forth Miss Connor, her eyes red from weeping. They left the girl and her cousin to converse. Sidney Long stepped within earshot.

"Why did you do this?" demanded the cousin in kindly tones that detracted not from the severe lines of his countenance. "You had a good home, plenty of care, and were treated right, but you were not satisfied. Something is wrong with you. If they let you go you will do the same thing again."

"No, I will never," pleaded the girl, bursting into tears. "I have learned my lesson."

The cousin turned away to talk to one of the many female detectives and officials who hovered around. This was Sidney's opportunity. He sidled up as unobtrusively as possible to the side of the forlorn maiden.

"I represent the Evening Star," he whispered. "We sympathize with you. Please tell me how you got into this trouble."

With very little prodding, the girl told a straightforward story.

"I was born in a small town in Massachusetts," she said, "and my parents died when I was but an infant. A brother of mine in the same town was appointed my guardian. It was hard to take care of me, however, and so he sent me to a small town in Illinois, where two of my sisters are nuns. I was educated and supported through charity. I did not want to enter a convent, however, so when my married cousin in Chicago sent for me I was glad to come. I worked for a year in a railroad office, and about nine months for a downtown department store.

"I was getting only \$15 a week, and was unable to save anything. When I went to dances and came home late, words passed between me and my relatives. I was foolish enough to think I could get along without their help, so I moved to a room on the west side renting for \$6 a week. I guess bad luck comes in a bunch, for shortly afterward I lost my job owing to scarcity of work, and was left penniless. I had too much pride to go back to my cousin, so I took what seemed the only way out, and pawned some of the clothes of my landlady to pay the rent. Another week passed by, and again I was down to my last cent. I found the revolver of the landlord, who had left on a hunting trip, and conceived

the desperate scheme of holding up a taxi driver and getting enough money to pay the rent and hold me until I got a new job. But I must have been too chicken-hearted, because the scheme fell through. If they put me in a 'home' I'll die."

During this rapid-fire conversation Adeline's cousin had been watching the proceedings with apparent uneasiness. At last he could contain himself no longer. Stepping up to the two, he tapped Mr. Long on the shoulder. "Are you an investigator or an attorney?" he inquired.

"Neither," replied Sidney. "I am representing the Evening Star, and am here to get a story. Will you please tell me whether you are going to take Adeline back or not?"

"I can not answer that question right now," replied the cousin. "This young lady is the victim of unfortunate circumstances. She will probably be placed in a home where she will receive proper care and supervision. I can not permit you to ask her any questions. Good day."

Long extracted from his outside coat pocket a copy of the previous day's Evening Star. "Perhaps the young lady would like to read this while she is awaiting a hearing," he remarked. "It will help to pass the time away."

The cousin snatched at the newspaper savagely. "What she needs is a prayer book," he said, putting the publication in his own pocket.

That evening the Evening Star had a first-page story of the orphan whose desire for some of the pleasures of life led her to her first step in crime. It made a hit with everyone but the attaches of the Minors' Home. When the day of the trial came and Sidney was assigned to cover it, he found himself "persona non grata" in the institution.

"There's the reporter who wrote a feature story for the Evening Star," whispered one female office to another. When Sidney approached one of the male investigators to obtain more light on the case, a female investigator rushed up to the former and whispered a few words into his ear. "I am not allowed to give out anything for publication," declared the cowed detective. However, the

information he had already given out prior to the interruption was sufficient for the cub-reporter.

When he entered the courtroom the eyes of the aforesaid female bored through him like glass burning a hole in paper with reflected rays. If looks could kill, Sidney's death was retroactive by at least ten years. He offered her a seat and the lady looked as though she would like to throw it at him. So Sidney took the chair himself, and moved on a line with the witnesses, and directly in front of the jury box on the right. The lady whispered to the bailiff to put Sidney out, but Sidney settled himself as if he were there to stay and the bailiff, be it said to his eternal credit, kept his hands off.

After a few minor cases of delinquency were disposed of, Adeline's case was called. She stepped demurely to the stand, flanked by investigators to the right and left, and social workers and department heads behind her. Otto Birch, the chief and only complaining witness, called to the stand, related the details of the attempted hold-up, explaining that he did what any other man would do, in making a fight for his property and honor.

"Is this man's story true?" asked the kindly judge.

"Yes, sir," was Adeline's reply.

"Why did you do this?" queried the court, as the detective placed the unloaded weapon on the desk.

For answer, Adeline wept unrestrainedly. When she had partly regained her composure: "I—I don't know. I d-didn't have any money, and this seemed the only way out."

"Will you ever do it again?"

"N-no, sir."

"Do you drink liquor or moonshine?"

"No," accompanied by a vigorous shake of the head.

"Do you smoke cigarettes?"

"No! (indignantly). I never have."

"You do not seem to be the sort of girl who is inherently bad," remarked the court. "At the same time some action must be taken to protect yourself and the community from similar misguided actions in the future. I

understand you have a cousin in Chicago. Does he know of your plight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has he come to court?"

"No, sir."

"I see there are some kind ladies in court who have offered to take care of you. I think I will turn you over to the charge of the Helping Hands."

Adeline found voice: "If you please, sir, I don't want to be a nun or be placed in an institution, and if I'm put in a private home I know I'll be watched so strictly I'll never have any fun. Please let me go, and I swear I'll never do it again."

The court became impatient. "But you are penniless, and there is no one to protect you. Your guardian waived his authority over you. There is nothing else that I can do. There is no one else to whom you can turn."

Then, to the surprise of the packed courtroom, something unexpected happened. Sidney Long stood up.

"Your honor," declared the young man in quiet yet unwavering tones, "there is someone else. I have followed closely the events in this young lady's life, and I feel that she is more sinned against than sinning. Without the sustaining love of parents, deprived of an adequate education and treated everywhere with indifference, it is not surprising to me that she made one false step. I believe she can and will make good if she is given half a chance. I am ready and anxious to give her that chance. I will marry her, your honor, if she will have me."

There was a deathly silence in the courtroom for fully a minute, as the astounded audience endeavored to appreciate the import of Sidney's daring statement. Finally the court cleared his throat.

"Do you mean what you say, young man?"

"I most certainly do."

"And you?" turning to Miss Connor.

Adeline hesitated for barely a moment. Then she said, with glistening eyes: "I believe I can trust him, your honor, to help me do right."

"Is there any objection on the part of anyone represented here?" asked the court.

No response. The belligerent lady investigator might have interposed a few hostile words, but, unfortunately, Sidney Long's coup had left her speechless.

So the license was procured and the marriage performed in the same courtroom by the judge who had tried the case. The efficient male detective and the cynical lady investigator were best man and bridesmaid, by order of the court. Somebody located a bag of rice, and pelted the happy pair.

As they were leaving the courtroom, arm in arm, to select a home that would not be troubled by stern-visaged landladies or caustic relations, Sidney Long overheard a conversation between the e. m. d. and the c. l. i.

Said the lady investigator: "Isn't that an outrage! That smart young Aleck will be sorry he ever made such a bargain. The girl should be put away for years where she won't be a menace to society. I'd do it to my own daughter!"

And the male detective: "I hate to disagree with you, but any girl without parents and in a strange city who can reach the age of 18 without getting into trouble deserves all the credit in the world!"

And that's that.

Of course the above happy ending is far-fetched. Does anybody know what becomes of girls who, through a first false step, are forced to enter institutions? Tell us.

## GOOD ADVICE



**SATISFIED DINER:** "I suppose you are looking for a tip."

**PRETTY MAID:** "Really sir, now that you have mentioned it—"

**SATISFIED DINER:** "Never go autoing with a stranger."

## SOMETHING HEATHEN ABOUT IT

**MR. OVERLY:** "Would you like to join us in the new missionary movement?"

**MISS OAKES:** "I'd love to. Is it anything like the Charleston?"

## BRYAN WAS RIGHT

**EVOLUTIONIST:** "I tell you, the theories of science are deduced from facts. For instance, don't you believe Newton's theory that everything that goes up must come down?"

**DOUBTER:** "Quite the reverse. Have you ever been on an ocean voyage?"

# **Did You Ever Feel Some Sinister Force Pushing You Down, Down, Down**

There are stories of mystery, and stories of thrills, and stories of adventure, and stories of money-lust and blood-lust and weird, inexplicable happenings that send shivers of dread down your spine, but if you want to get the thrill of your life don't fail to read

## **Will-O'-the-Wisp**

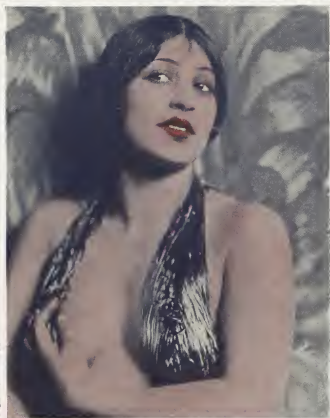
By EDWIN BAIRD

*Author of "The City of Purple Dreams," "The Heart of Virginia Keep," "Fay," etc.*

The scene is laid in Chicago—the time is now—a horrid Mephistophelian countenance with pointed ears, green eyes, and saturnine grimace peers into the window of a millionaire's limousine—and from then on the most startling tale since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" takes hold of the imagination and grips the soul until the reader feels that he too is in the clutches of this insatiable force.

## **Beginning Next Month in "Flapper's Experience"**

We feel indeed fortunate to have secured the publication rights to this greatest of all mystery stories. Order your copy from your newsdealer in advance.



Shirley Dahl is one of the pleasing entertainers in "Mercenary Mary," a Shubert production whose showing at the Garrick Theater, Chicago, is attended with much joy. Shirley finds it hard to keep cool till winter comes.

# WEIRD HAPPENINGS



An Experience Annual will be awarded for every letter published under the above heading. Names and addresses kept confidential if requested.

## A Breezy Story

I was visiting my aunt's home in the country when this happened.

I had been sitting up quite late reading in my room. Finally I decided to go to bed. I put the open book, face up, on the dresser at the foot of my bed. Then I turned in. I awoke in the middle of the night. I heard a motion at the foot of the bed, so I turned my eyes there. Something just about the height of the bed was jumping up and down, holding on to the bedpost. I was so scared that I couldn't move. At last I got up courage enough to sit up, and I saw what the jumping jack was. The breeze from the open window had been blowing the pages of the book and from where I lay it seemed exactly like some elfin bobbing up and down.

—L. R. Coon, 7656 Yates Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## The Ghost Walked

My most haunting experience occurred one evening about midnight while I, unable to sleep, was thinking of a blood-curdling story I had read just before retiring. The name of it was "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," by Poe.

Suddenly I heard a faint shuffling sound in the hall just outside my room. Then a white apparition appeared on the wall and traveled quickly around the room. I was so scared by this time that I did not hear the opening of my door. When I could summon enough courage and looked out from under the bed clothes there stood a dim white figure, almost beside my bed. I was never superstitious, but I was sure that this

was a ghost. I was so frightened I could scarcely move, and I think it needless to say that I spent the remainder of that night under the covers.

However, the mystery was cleared up the following morning when at the breakfast table I was telling my folks about it. I saw my father laugh, and after questioning him I found that he had looked in to see if my younger brother, Dunbar, was in bed. Of course the light on the wall must have been caused by a passing automobile.

I was greatly relieved to find the true cause of my fright; but I had many embarrassing moments later when any one mentioned this humorous incident.

—Paul W. Kinzle, 2439 Davenport Ave., Davenport, Ia.

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### Talking With the Dead

In our section of the front line trenches, one dark and stormy day, I had the great displeasure of seeing my best friend and comrade fall with an enemy machine-gun bullet through his heart. Naturally, I was very much affected over his demise, and as it was terribly lonesome without his presence I could not cease dwelling on him.

That night I ventured forth alone and sought shelter in a shell-hole remote from any human being save a fresh corpse, very much dead, with incipient rigor mortis. I decided that the old boy wouldn't mind my using his carcass for a pillow, so I lay down to sleep. In what seemed to be about ten minutes, I was aroused from my slumber to hear a weird, whispering voice, that was barely audible, calling me by name. Needless to say, my blood ran cold; fear came creeping into me from all directions. Then, mastering myself with an effort, I got up to investigate. The voice was gone!

A silence of five or more minutes intervened—my soul and body! What was that? Gad! I was cold with fear. "What is there?" I demanded, automatic in hand. "It is I," answered the voice, "your friend Gene." Good heavens! My heart had been still, now it began to race. "But Gene was killed," I managed—then the voice came nearer; in fact, I thought I felt the breath. But the body was not visible!

"Don't you want to talk with me," it cried. "Of—of course I do," I murmured, somewhat recklessly. Following



which we, Gene's voice and I, had a long conversation. We discussed the climatic conditions of France, exchanged jokes and talked about home and the probable duration of the war. When I questioned him pertaining to his death and the other world, however, it seemed to incur his displeasure, and he quickly changed the subject; so I decided not to be inquisitive with reference to that matter.

In departing, Gene asked me to promise not mention his visit, as he feared it would upset his mother. Recently I had news concerning his mother's death, so I am telling the story for the first time.

—Raoul Gallier, Ex-Lieut. Inf., French Army.

### The Haunted Hospital

On Fifth Avenue, in Dayton, Kentucky, stands a tall structure known as Spears Hospital. Truly, it is an old-fashioned building. There is a straw hut still standing in one corner of it which has been immovable for years. All efforts to remove it have been fruitless.

Years ago, before the hospital was erected the old residents claim a white man who was a trader of Negro slaves made his home in the hut. He beat the slaves unmercifully and one night, in a great fury, he murdered the family of one of his slaves. He used to behead them and hang their bodies up in his home.

Well, in due time he was murdered the same way, but his head was never found. The old folks said his soul was in hell and had to roam around the scenes of his crimes for all eternity looking for his head. The room which was located above the hut was declared haunted because none of the patients would stay in there after dark, and in the daytime the nurses would hardly have the beds dressed until they would be all upset again.

I was visiting my aunt one day and she was unprepared for me. At supper time she sent her daughter to the butcher shop for more cutlets.

Snow had fallen, it was dark out and my cousin had to pass the spot most people avoided after sundown. That was the big tree in front of the hut at Spears Hospital.

She felt sort of a chilly feeling when asked to go, but started out anyway. She picked her girl friend up on the way, and,

just as they came within a few feet of the tree, something black and **headless** stepped from behind the tree and came slowly toward them. At first they thought it was one of the boys with a black cloth thrown over him, but what was their horror when they saw the hands and feet were fleshless bones!

They ran as fast as they could and finally reached the butcher shop, quite out of breath. The Thing followed slowly until it was next door to the market, when it vanished completely. The girls were so scared they wouldn't go home until the butcher got out his wagon and drove them home.

Nothing has happened since, but several people claim at midnight a big black dog with fire streaming from its nostrils and eyes like live coals roams the spot, and woe to the one who passes the same side of the street.

—Estelle Collins, Oak Park, Ill.

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### The Four-Footed Ghost

One night my steady and I were walking home from a neighborhood party. It was dark as a stack of black cats, but suddenly we saw, moving slowly toward us, a pale, greenish light, which grew larger, then smaller, glowed brightly, then was almost extinguished.

It seemed to be about a foot square and about three feet from the ground, and as it got closer to us we could hear hoarse breathing and the sound of footsteps.

Shrieking, we ran back to where the party was still breaking up. Men came with lanterns and found an old black cow that had been lying down in the chickens' sulphur dust bath.

The sulphur clinging to her damp hair had caused the strange illumination.

That was my only experience with a ghost—and I never want another.

—Alice Walker, Redmesa, Colo.

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### Medicine Cured This Ghost

Last summer our house became haunted. Every night, members of the family heard bare feet stealthily pattering up and down stairs; heard doors open and shut, and sometimes caught a glimpse of a tall white figure flitting down the dark hall.

I was a sound sleeper, so never heard the mysterious visitor, but frequently knew it had been in my room, because my belongings had been moved from where I had left them the previous night.

Finally it became so serious that a watch was set, the ghost walked again, and was captured. The next day they called in a doctor, and I have been taking medicine for sleep-walking ever since.

—Marjorie Dawn, Perins, Colo.

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### Saw a Real Ghost

One dark and stormy night a few of my friends came over to my house to amuse themselves as best they could by telling ghost stories. We turned off all the lights and proceeded.

Every one of us did our best to outdo the preceding ghost stories and by nine o'clock we were a bunch of pretty well-frightened girls.

"What if you should see a ghost beside your bed tonight?" suggested Elsie.

"Well," I said, between chattering teeth, "I'd cover up my head or else run for my life—I'd be so scared."

Soon they all left and I crept into bed to dream of ghosts. I slept pretty peacefully until about 12:00 at night, when I awoke with a start and sat up in bed. There in the center of my room stood my grandmother. I wondered if she was real or if it was just a vision, and I reached out toward it. It vanished! I had said that evening that I would be frightened at a ghost, but this one soothed my fears.

Two days later I received a letter saying that my grandmother had died at the time I saw the ghost.

The next night was dark and stormy also and instead of telling my friends an imaginary ghost story, I had a real one to tell them.

—Lillian Beaudette, 1721 W. Washington, Santa Ana, Cal.

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### Must Have Been an Awful Piece of Work

For almost two months after the death of old Mrs. Carter young Mrs. Carter had stayed at home. Finally, she accepted an invitation to a card party, and asked me to stay with the children. The house was old and creaky and had seemed to fit old Mrs. Carter, who looked like some old witch or fortune



CHILD (to guest): "Does oo like dat cake, Mrs. Shook?"

MRS. SHOOK: "Yes, dear, very much indeed."

CHILD: "Dat's funny, 'cause mud-der said oo haven't any taste at all."

### BAKERSFIELD



Without reading about it, one knows instinctively that the above fair Miss hails from California. Bakersfield is her home, and she's sweet 19, 5 ft. 2 in. tall, has auburn hair and brown eyes, enjoys dancing and reading, and athletic blonds appeal to her. Oh, yes, her name is Peggy Azevedo.

teller. After putting the children to bed, I drew all the blinds and settled down in a big chair to read. Directly in front of me over the mantel hung a huge mirror, which reflected part of the front room and the darkened doorway of the next room, which was a den or study.

Suddenly, glancing up from my book, I saw reflected in the mirror a face, peering out from the inky blackness of the next room. It was the face of old Mrs. Carter, every line, wrinkle and mole stood out clearly, and her eyes! Oh, they were terrible. My blood froze, and I finally tore my eyes from the mirror, and what it reflected. But, glancing back, I saw the face still there. I shrunk up in the chair, and hardly took a free breath until Mr. and Mrs. Carter came home.

Mrs. Carter went into the study to get some money to pay me, and I followed her in. I glanced behind the door and into the corners. Then I saw it! A huge crayon sketch of old Mrs. Carter hung on the wall directly opposite the door leading into the front room. The mirror reflected light on it, so that the face stood out from its dark background. I never told Mrs. Carter. But how relieved I was.

—R., Ohio.



OH HOW I MISSED YOU TONIGHT  
(Tune: "Oh How I Miss You Tonight")

Oh how I missed you tonight  
Missed you when you came in—  
Oh what a bad oversight,  
When I threw that rolling pin;  
I made believe for a while  
I'd knock you out for a goal—  
You caught sight of me first, so  
My sweet dream has burst—oh!  
Oh, pop, how I missed you tonight.

## Our Artist's Impressions Of The Charleston



## Vacation Examination

**W**ITH THE DOCTRINE that people should employ all their time usefully gradually gaining favor, and with college again summoning sheiks and shebas away from the speeders' court and the beach parade to the greater hilarity of the "prom" and chalk-throwing, it has been suggested in some quarters that all scholars be given an examination to determine what they learned during their summer holiday. Those who fail to give answers showing their perspicacity will be dismissed from class and given a chance to catch up.

"Flapper's Experience" begs to submit the following typical questions to the examining board, to be propounded to the flunkers:

### FOR THE GENTLEMEN

1. How do you dance the "Charleston," and how can you prove that it's a dance?
2. In a crowd of 100 girls, how many would you pick to have unbobbed hair, and why?
3. What is the ratio of the number of girls who go in bathing, to the total number on the beach?
4. How can you tell the speed-cops who may be tempted with a five-dollar bill, from the kind who won't consider anything less than ten?
5. Is it polite for a girl to slap a fellow's face?
6. What car gets into the most wrecks, and how?
7. If you get \$15 allowance from your dad, and you take a girl out the same night, how much will you have to borrow the next day?
8. Who will win the pennant next year?
9. Did you improve your mind during your vacation, and why not?
10. What is the proper trousers width to keep dirty socks from showing?

### FOR THE LADIES

1. How many proposals did you get, and how did you dress to get them?
2. Who is your favorite moving picture star this year, and how many letters have you written him?
3. How late can you keep a fellow waiting without losing him?
4. How can you lose him?
5. If it takes only one yard of wool to make a satisfactory bathing suit, how can you permit a fellow to kiss you without losing your self-respect?
6. What preparation makes the best sunburn?
7. What do you do when you don't dance?
8. How many cigarettes does it take to get sick?
9. What would you do if you were cast away on a desert island and had lost your powder puff?
10. Why don't you enjoy automobile riding?

### PICHER, OKLA.



Billie Starr of Picher, Okla., is only 4 ft. 11 in., but good things often come in small packages. She's 20, weighs 109 lbs., has blonde hair and blue eyes, and enjoys swimming and dancing.



GIRL HIKER: "Don't you think you have gone far enough?"

BOY HIKER: "Why, I haven't even put my arm around you!"

### TALENTED DANCER CONDUCTS BALLROOM AND MAKES IT GO



While hunting around for news, we came upon this rare find—a girl who is joint proprietor of a ballroom! When you consider that very few women are given important positions of any kind in the dance world, Miss Ethel Kendall's achievement appears the more remarkable.

Back in 1915, Miss Kendall and Jack Lund, both experts in dancing, decided to put their talents together. They started as dancing instructors in the old Masonic Temple, Chicago, and after two years opened up the Vista Ball Room at 47th and Cottage Grove. This initial managerial venture proving highly successful, they founded the Merry Garden Ball Room two years later at 61st and Cottage Grove. During the slack summer months they went "on the road" over the Pantages circuit. In 1921 they moved the Merry Garden to its present location at Sheffield and Belmont avenues, and the hall is crowded to capacity on each dance night.

To acquaint readers of "Flapper's Experience" who dwell in Chicago with this newest of women's achievements, we persuaded Miss Kendall to give each of our girl readers the opportunity to dance at the Merry Garden free. The free admission coupon appears on another page. "Sheiks" who visit the ballroom are asked to tell Miss Kendall or Mr. Lund how they like the novelty nights, and what they think of "Flapper's Experience," as a means of driving away the blues.

# Love and Nothing But

BY JACK WOODFORD

ILSA SAT ON THE EDGE of her little hard-mattressed cast iron bed, and looked searchingly into her small blistered mirror, upon her scratched and scarred dressing table.

"Ailsa," she said, addressing the reflection in the mirror critically, "you are a nut! Not just an ordinary garden variety of nut; but a large and copious nut—the sort that the squirrels would follow; you better never walk again in Central Park." The image in the mirror did not look accusative; rather it smiled back encouragingly; "go ahead and be a nut," it suggested—"there are lots of worse things."

"But," insisted Ailsa, angered at the image's encouragement when it should have discouraged her, "don't you understand that what I am in danger of doing is going to affect **you** as well as me? Don't you realize that you may be set down amid surroundings not more congenial than these and perhaps kept there all your life; you'll have to cook and sew, and do your own washing; perhaps even scrub the floor!"

"I should worry!" smiled back the reflection. Ailsa, of course, was thinking of the eternal masculine—not two of them, as she should have been—but only one! For it seemed that she could not, somehow, think of Bob Chandler, even when her memories of him were reinforced by such tangible things as six cylinder cars, fur coats, ducky apartments on the drive—and a big, "classy" church wedding.

Ailsa was in a Spring day predicament. Bob Chandler had called her, shortly after she returned from church, asking permission to take her to supper, and for a ride in the country that evening. She had consented. Also, Ed Miles had 'phoned, shortly after she returned from church, asking permission to call at once and take her for a walk.

Without either man having said a word about it, Ailsa knew as well as though she had been legally notified by a voluminous legal document, that both men were going to propose to her. She had expected it for sometime, but there had been that in both of their voices today. . . .



Bob Chandler she had met in the store. He had strolled into the department one day, looking as though he had stepped out of a strip of celluloid, spied her, looked excited, and instead of doing the usual "nervy" thing, immediately left—for Ailsa sold silk hosiery at Tracy's! But the next day he had returned with a gorgeous, good-natured, inclined-to-be-fat girl, who turned out to be his sister, and who had somehow managed, while purchasing several pairs of hose which she doubtless did not need, to introduce, first herself, and then her brother, to the little sales girl. Bob apparently had everything which a person who has stepped out of a strip of celluloid should have—not literally—but the way such handsome males are pictured in the movies; moral fibre and automobiles, good looks and money, manly decency and a good family—but somehow Bob did not have that strange something which Ed unmistakably possessed—and Ed was as poor as a church mouse!

Ailsa's meeting with Ed had been a rather movieish thing. She had gone to a smart little fur shop on Fifth Avenue to purchase a tiny choker fur she had been saving up to buy. She had entered, purchased it, and ordered it sent out C. O. D. After leaving the store she had gone to the bank, drawn out her money and returned to her room to await the arrival of the package. And when she had reached her room she found that she was no longer the possessor of the money to pay for it—for her pocket had been picked. And then Ed had come along with the fur—"C. O. D.!" She recalled the interview vividly.

"Package for you, madam."

"Yes, I, I, I"—Ed had eyed her silently.

"You er—haven't the money to pay for it?"

"No!" eyes downcast.

"Then why did you. . . . Maybe you lost your money?"

"No, my pocket was picked!" Even as she had uttered it, Ailsa's face flamed with the knowledge that a "wise" fur deliveryman would have heard that "stall" many times—but



this deliveryman had been either unsophisticated or else "wiser" than the rest—or perhaps it had been the tears which stole unbidden down Ailsa's cheeks.

"I'm awfully sorry, young lady," he said. "Won't you let me put the fur in 'Will call,' for you at the shop; perhaps in a month or so . . ."

"It would take me six months to save up enough to buy it again," Ailsa had quavered. For a long time the young man was silent.

"Here," he said, "you take this fur; I'll take care of it somehow at the shop, and you can send me a dollar weekly until . . ." Ailsa had demurred, but the young man had seemed hurt when she refused his apparently stringless offer and finally, against her better judgment, she had consented.

The fur had been paid for long ago—and Ed Miles had been a steady caller ever since. Not one of those conventional Wednesday or Thursday

nightriders—but reasonably regular and irregular. The front door bell rang.

As Ailsa had suspected, Ed headed for a not too conspicuous bench in the park; she had often wondered just how a man would really propose. She had seen thousands of movie versions of the feat; heard hundreds of second-hand stories on the subject from girl friends, read many of the tales of this all important feat contained in the best sellers—but! . . .

The sun was slanting softly across the top of a large apartment building on Central Park West. Overhead, birds having flown farther than usual inland from the ocean were diving through air pockets and squawking hoarsely.

The dull rumble from Broadway came to them softened by the trees through which it filtered, and here and there, in the distance, large electric signs began to flash on. A policeman, nearing the end of his day's tour of duty, strolled past and cast a not unfriendly glance at the pair; nearby children played make-believe at a tiny pond. Ed was silent for a time, and when he spoke it was in a voice very grave and portentous. He was abrupt; not at all movieish.

"Ailsa, you of course know that I love you—have loved you from the very first time I saw you. Love, with me, is not an everyday affair. I have, of course, like every other city man, been out with quite a few girls. Some of them I thought, for a time, I loved; most of them I knew I didn't. I always thought that the 'grande passion' stuff you're always hearing about was bunk—but it isn't!

"Somehow, from the very first, I have felt that you are the only girl who will ever really matter in my life. I'm not much of a catch; I haven't got the money that Bob Chandler has; but, while I think that Bob, from the little I could judge of him the day we three went to dinner together, is a prince of a chap, I feel that I can make you just as happy—for I think, little girl, somehow, that you love me, if only just a bit." Ed paused. It was Ailsa's turn to speak, but she did not wish to speak. A proposal, no matter what its technique, is always vitally interesting.

## GALVESTON, TEXAS



We don't know who's holding the parasol, but the smiling lady is Miss Elizabeth Evans, 19, 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighing 130 pounds, and possessing dark brown eyes and golden brown hair. She likes swimming, dancing and all outdoor sports, and the tall blond type of sheik.

Ailsa no more desired to interrupt it than she would have wished to rise in a motion picture house and yell: "Say, why don't you have the hero rescue the girl now?" Ed resumed.

"Before you say anything definite to me, little girl, I want you to think carefully. Remember that Bob has money, plenty of it. Not four-room-steam-heated-apartment money—but eighty-cylinder-elevator-apartment-and-maid money! Possibly he loves you nearly as much as I do, and I have no reason to suppose that he is anything but a square shooter. If

you decide to take me, instead of him, I want you to do it for no other reason on earth than that you love me—and you certainly could not marry me in my present circumstances for any other reason. With you as a helpmeet I will rise—there is no question about that." Ailsa wondered if Ed had deliberately chosen this "open air" variety of proposal, where demonstrations of any kind were impossible, so that she might have every chance in the world to think clearly, and not be influenced by anything save the think part of her. In a kaleidoscopic panorama, before her mind's eye, floated a veritable pageant of shiny cars, pretty apartments, soft silks, theater boxes, cafe suppers, glittering jewelry and unlimited charge accounts. She enjoyed the vision for a moment or two and then turned to Ed.

"You're on Ed," she said simply. "I do love you."

If the policeman had been told at this moment, as he was walking wearily back along his beat, that the young man on the bench had just proposed to the girl and been accepted he would have said "nonsense!" for it was certainly no movie proposal.

The girl's words had a strange effect upon the young man. He seemed to snap into another mood entirely; he turned to her with the most radiant smile she had ever seen on any human countenance.

"You little angel; Oh, you little angel!—I was almost tempted to tell you before. I'm not the delivery boy at the shop—I own it! That day you came in and I saw you for the first time, through a little window in my office, I couldn't resist the temptation to deliver the fur myself—there was something about you from the minute I saw you. . . . I may not have eight cylinder money; but I've got six cylinder money—and believe me, little girl, you'll never want for anything—you're the real goods."

"Here, here, folks," snapped the outraged officer, "you can't pull that stuff on a park bench—move on!"

## DETROIT



The town that Henry Ford made famous produces other things besides Lizzies. For instance, here is Ruth Henderson, who says she is 21, 5 ft. 3½ in. in her bare feet (even if you can't see 'em), weighs 130 pounds, and has dark brown hair and black eyes. Her type of sheik must be good-looking, and have a captivating smile.

**Ashes to ashes  
Dust to dust  
If your whiskers grow  
Your razor will rust.**

### LETTERS FORWARDED

Letters will be forwarded to any of the girls whose photos appear in this issue on receipt of 12 cents for each one (to help cover cost of cuts, etc.) Reply not guaranteed—that's up to the girl. No charge for forwarding letters from members of the National Flappers Flock.

## The Crime Wave

**There is much alarm in the country over the prevalence of the crime wave. Profiteers are complaining of unfair competition.**

A profiteer will take away your money and give you something useless in return, but a burglar will not only relieve you of your cash but your useless property as well.

**He leaves you nothing to worry about.**

Sometimes he gets a little careless with his gun and leaves you nothing to worry with.

Police officials declare that organized crime is at the bottom of all the trouble. **The only trouble is, this is one union that never goes on strike.**

It collects dues from the public, but never gets its just dues.

Criminals are getting bolder and bolder, and sociologists say it's because they are not punished quickly enough.

**They hope to get so many delays, that by the time they are sentenced to be hanged capital punishment will be abolished.**

A criminal can't help being what he is. Half of them got that way by reading Nietzsche, and the other half can't read and don't know that they are the products of their environment.

As far as the criminal is concerned, he'd just as soon be sent to the pen for pulling off a slick deal as for being the victim of circumstances over which he has no control.

**He wants credit for a little brains, anyway.**

Prohibition is blamed for the crime wave. The kind of hootch they dish out nowadays is enough to make anyone want to go out and commit all the crimes on the calendar.

However, police are tightening up on the bandits, and before long they will have to go out of business or become taxi drivers and ticket scalpers.

**The only ones who will continue to get away with murder will be the bootleggers.**

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IN 1926

CO-ED (in store): "I'd like to buy a petticoat."

FLOOR WALKER: "Antique department on the sixth floor, Miss. Take elevator to the right."

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# Poor But Reasonably Honest

BY GORDON SAYRE

**P**RESIDENT CHAMBERS, of the Acme Sales Corporation looked up in patent irritation as his secretary entered and announced an unknown caller.

"He says his name is Frank Stevens, sir," announced the secretary, "and that the matter about which he wishes to see you is of the utmost importance."

"'Of the utmost importance'—to him—no doubt," grumbled the president. "Tell him that we're all filled up and not hiring a soul for any department." The secretary departed and communicated this information to the square jawed, clean cut young man who stood just outside the door, nervously fingering a newspaper.

For a minute the youth considered this. He gulped and, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the perspiration from his face.

"Go back and tell your grouchy boss that I do not wish to ask him for employment; I must see him on a far more important matter, and at once; tell him that it is important TO HIM." The secretary passed gingerly back into the sanctum sanctorum, for the second time, and presently emerged to crook his finger at the determined young man.

Once inside the great man's office, Frank Stevens seemed to have had a great load lifted from his shoulders; he gazed about in frank admiration at the massive mahogany desk, the thick green carpet, and the silver water carafe at the president's elbow.

"Well," snapped Chambers, irritably; and when the young man did not vouchsafe a reply, "sit down. sit down!"

"Thank you, sir," remarked the caller, dropping into a chair at the president's side. "I was told that you were almost impossible of approach; really, I did not expect to get to see you at all."

"Well, state your business and be quick about it," grumbled Chambers. The youth considered him for a moment, and took a very deep breath. Leaning over suddenly he shot his words at the older man as though they were bullets, and his last dry ones at that.

"Sir, I love your daughter; I've come to ask you for her hand in marriage." Chambers threw down his pen and swung clear around in the swivel chair to glare ferociously at the petitioner. He was a little disconcerted by the steely look which shot out of the boy's penetrative gray eyes. Before replying he lit a cigar, never for an instant taking his eyes from Frank Stevens' face.

"Did she send you to me?"

"Heavens no!" declaimed the youth. "In fact, she warned me that if I ever came to you, you would in all probability throw me out on my neck; nevertheless, I love her, and I'm going to marry her, with or without your consent—I would prefer to have it, however." The executive eyes opened a little wider; he brought his hands together and squeezed them tightly so as to keep them out of mischief.

"I suppose," he remarked sarcastically, "that you are the champion long distance tea drinker of Manhattan; or, perhaps, you are the thirty-second cousin of an insolvent English duke; my dear daughter seems to have a penchant for surrounding herself with men whom I would not allow to sweep out my office."

"Indeed," smiled Frank; "well, you are wide of your mark this time. I am one of the variety, described in novels as 'poor but honest,' that is, reasonably honest, of course. I come of a good, but useless family. My father was a college professor of psychology and my mother the daughter of a minister. I am American, from the Harlem haircut, which you have no doubt noticed, to the rubber heels which you will not hear. I have been out of college four years, and have been selling during that time. I've made good and saved money; I have almost enough saved up to keep your daughter in silk hose for a year; and you'll admit that that's doing pretty well for a young man. At present I am unemployed; in a rash moment I thrashed my last employer within an inch of his life, when I came upon him forcing his attention on his stenographer, after hours one night. So, you see, I am not only out of a job, but out of references; my former



boss will no doubt tell any one to whom I apply for work that I am an ex-convict and a close relative of Jesse James."

"Quite fortunate," remarked Chambers sarcastically, "that my daughter should have taken a fancy to you right at this time—it would clarify your position greatly, would it not, to marry an heiress?"

"Look here!" almost shouted the youth, rising and towering over the president. "What do you take me for? I'm not looking for help from anyone; if I marry your daughter, you can cut her off without a dime for all I care—I'm man enough to take care of her myself. Not only am I man enough to get a job, in spite of difficulties, and make a fair living; but I'm also man enough to see that she behaves herself and lives on whatever income I provide for her."



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### It's a Good Idea

My brother Tom had been "across" for three years. When his train roared into the home station I was aboard before it stopped moving.

Rushing impetuously down the aisle, I saw a head of curly brown hair topped by an overseas cap, and clapping my hands over his eyes, I leaned over and kissed him a dozen times—they were returned, too, and were getting more and more warm and loving, when a hand on my shoulder caused me to look up and behold my real brother Tom, grinning from ear to ear. Introductions and explanations followed, and three months later Tom's buddy was his brother-in-law.

—Mrs. R. V. Short, Box 25, Redmesa, Colo.

### She Kidnaped Him

My sister's fiance was to arrive by the evening train. None of us had ever seen him before. All we knew about him was what Ruth had told us and from the pictures of him that she had shown us. Well, Ruth had gone to a neighboring town with a party of girls, but intended to get back in time to change her dress and go to the station to meet him.

Seven-thirty came, his train was almost due, and Ruth had not turned up. Mother and I became worried and finally, just about ten minutes before the train's arrival, she told me to take the car and go to meet him. I took one last look at his picture and started off.

When the train pulled up at the depot, I watched all the train's coaches for him, forgetting about the parlor car. I took a second look at the crowd before I spied a handsome man just about the build of Ruth's fiance. This man, so I thought, was exactly like the man I would choose for my fiance, so I immediately thought he must be the man I wanted. So I went over to him and told him I had been sent for him. I had his suitcase and grip put into the back part of the car and he slipped in beside me in the front seat.

Now it happened that our cottage at the lake is several miles out from town, being close to the lake shore. We were almost home when he suddenly said: "All right, young lady, stick up your hands; the jig's up!" I was too stunned to reply. I just looked at him and wondered if I was crazy. Then I re-

membered that the man I wanted had a saber cut on his left cheek; this man had none. I was in a tight place, so I told him my story. He decided to go along with me and see if it was true. I later found out that he was a young lawyer and had some very important papers with him. He had a conference with an older man in the town and had expected somebody to meet him. He had thought I was the man's daughter until I started for the country.

When I got home Ruth's fiance was sitting on the porch with her. She told me that he had come in the parlor car and that she had met him without coming home first, as she had seen that she hadn't time for both things. I introduced King as a boy friend. He stayed for supper and I drove him back after supper. Both King and I got a good laugh out of it. Today we are engaged and King often teases me about how I kidnaped him. He says he had no self-defense to offer when I started after him.

—Miss D. M., Grand Forks, N. D.

NEIGH: "What do you think of our new radio set?"

BOR: "Well, for one thing, they make less noise than the bridge set you used to cultivate."

## Prizes for Bathing Beauty Winners

First prize—Fifty Dollars in Gold and Bradley Bathing Suit.

Second prize—Twenty-five Dollars in a Certified Check. and Bradley Bathing Suit.

Third prize—Fifteen Dollars in Silver and Bradley Bathing Suit.

Fourth to Thirteenth prizes—One Dollar Bill Each.

**Every entrant who fails to win one of the major prizes will receive an Experience Annual free.**

Write your name, address, age, height, weight, color of eyes and hair, and favorite diversions on the back of your snapshot in bathing suit, and mail to Beauty Contest Editor, Flapper's Experience, 443 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Contest ends October 1, 1925—so hurry! Awards will be announced in the December issue of "Flapper's Experience," out November 15. This is one contest that is absolutely on the square. Let's go!

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"Well, you sure love to believe a story teller but not one that tells the truth. Betty, you can have your pick now, Ruth or me," I said, looking her in the eyes. "Which one?"

"Didn't you say all this about me?" she asked.

"Well, you know I have never said anything about you, so why begin now?" was my reply.

"Well, I will take you," was her answer.

I left Betty then and looked up Ruth. Such a fight as we had. It was like two wild cats.

But the funnier part now is we are all good pals and will not let anyone say anything about any of us.

—H. H., Kansas.

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### All Over Nothing At All

The worst fight I ever had was while I was in the United States Navy in 1919, aboard the U.S.S. Neptune.

The fight started over nothing, you might say. We were arguing over a ship that I said was in Honolulu, T. H., and he said it was in Norfolk, Va., and the argument started but soon changed to a fight which lasted one hour and twenty minutes, and it was sure some fight. We were well matched—he was 5 ft. 5 in. and I am 5 ft. 6 in.; his weight 133 and my weight was 138. We both were firemen and hard as rocks; we used a little science at first, but soon changed to real slug-ging, and we took and gave blows until at last we were too worn out to fight longer. We just stood there looking at each other for about five minutes—then my shipmate put out his hand and I took it. We both agreed that we had had enough, but we never did settle our argument about the ship.

We sure did look pretty the next morning. We each had a black eye; I had two teeth missing and he had one missing, and our faces looked as though someone had stepped on them with baseball shoes. We had to duck from captain's inspection as it was Saturday morning.

We were pretty good shipmates after that and made many liberties ashore with each other. This was the worst fight I ever had, ever want to have, or ever will have. I fight no more—only when I have to.

—E. Murphy, 2016 Downing St., Denver, Colo.

### Defended His Bride

The darndest fight I ever had happened when I was a youngster of 21.

A new family moved into our neighborhood and they had the prettiest little girl about my age. Her hair was the color of corn silk and her eyes a dark blue.

From the very start she took a liking to me and I to her. We were boy and girl sweethearts through school and when we went to different colleges miles apart we never found interest in anyone else.

The night of our return our parents gave a party in our honor to announce our marriage. It grew warm inside and I went out in the grounds to have a quiet smoke.

Rounding a large bush I heard a scream and running towards me was my sweetheart Beryl.

A young fellow in our town by the name of Tom Cates was known as a bully and sort of an outlaw. He had been sneaking around the grounds for some purpose and finding Beryl alone attempted to kiss her.

Telling her to run to the house I doubled up my fist and soon dust was flying mingled with the thud of flesh on flesh and groans.

My college training stood me in good this time for I knew how to parry his blows and land some of my own.

With a right cut to the point of his chin he went to sleep. I had received a black eye and a bloody nose but the admiration I saw in Beryl's eyes repaid me for my hurts.

—V. G. H.

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### She Will Be Good

My worst fight took place one summer evening when I was 13 years old.

As usual, I was walking about with a bunch of girls, going nowhere in particular. Suddenly I noticed we were in front of Edna Rines' home, and Edna was an old time enemy of ours. Edna was out in the yard and looked curiously at us as we passed. One of our gang started the fuss by saying: "There's that Edna."

"You'd better shut your gab if you don't want to be knocked down," said Edna.

"Aw, try it," I said, although she was much larger than I,

## NO; THEY'RE TOO HEAVY

A young girl spending her vacation with her aunt in the country asked where her uncle was. "Oh, he's out in the orchard pruning some of the trees," said her aunt.

The city maid came back thus: "My, how lovely! And do you really raise your own prunes?"

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## HASN'T GONE BEYOND THE CREATION

Up in Rainier last winter the track washed out and Mrs. Baker was obliged to go to the hotel.

"Looks like Mount Ararat," she remarked to the hotel keeper.

"How's that?" he bellowed.

"Oh, I was just referring to Noah and the flood," she replied.

"Never heard of it!" answered the old boy. "We ain't seen a paper for three days."

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but of the same age.

"Do you want to fight, you little shrimp?" she asked me.

"Sure, if you're willing to be licked," I replied.

"I'd hate to think I couldn't lick you," she said, and the next thing I knew I felt a stinging slap upon my cheek, her fingernails were digging into my wrists and the other girls were crying loudly for me to "go into her!" "Look here," I cried angrily, "no scratching, pulling hair, or kicking."

"I'll do as I please," she retorted, but the next moment she was staggering back from the blow I had given her. I cannot tell what happened next, but for a few moments we fought like cats and dogs. Finally, I saw her back away from me, then come running madly towards me. I dodged and knocked her flat on her stomach.

That was enough for her, for she went into the house crying loudly. I am glad to say I did not cry, although she had kicked me terribly hard on the shin. I limped home, feeling very victorious. After that dreadful fight, Edna avoided me as much as possible.

—M. B., Colorado.

## LOS ANGELES



In Los Angeles, where close-fitting bathing suits are the vogue, dwells Miss Grace C. Swain, 21, a constant reader of F. E. She's 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighs 115 pounds, has light gray eyes and dark brown hair. Diversions are dancing, swimming and parties.

## CHICAGO



Ethel Mildred Allen, a Chicago beauty who lives on the South Side, won fourth prize in Chicago's recent bathing queen contest. She is 5 ft. 5½ in. tall, weighs 129 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes, and is 23 years old. Favorite diversions are riding, dancing, reading, country trips, and meeting real people. (Photo by Chambers studio.)

## AT LEAST THIS IS HIDDEN

JOE: "Why do you use so much powder and paint?"

PEGGY: "Don't you think it helps my complexion?"

JOE: "I don't know; I have never seen your complexion."

## LOVE IN THE DARK

SWEET (stealing behind her and placing fingers over her eyes): "Darling, you are the light of my life!"

HEART (startled): "Oh, George, how you put me out!"

# MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

An Experience Annual will be awarded for every letter published under the above heading. Names and addresses kept confidential if requested.

## Spoiled It All

My most embarrassing moment occurred a number of years ago, when I was a little girl in grammar school. There in the country the last day of school, or the Last Night, as it usually was, marked a red letter event to the pupils. It was the climax of the whole year.

On this especial occasion we gave a box supper and program. I still remember that night—magic, starry, mild for late winter. The house was crowded.

I had a new white dress; no dress can ever equal it, to me, with its blue sash and old lace—"Something old and something new; Something borrowed and something blue," as I had sung while I dressed. A bride was never happier. I had a dainty box, all blue and white crepe paper, with a marvelous lunch in it. I was in a play, for the school was very small, and I was to give a long poem—I loved to "speak pieces." In short, I was a person of importance, at least in my own mind. I helped move scenery on and off the makeshift stage with its curtains of sheets; I located properties and costumes; I hushed people behind the scenes, and had them ready to go on at the right moment.

I did my part, as a kitchen maid in the play, broom over my shoulder, a big apron completely hiding the splendor of the new dress. After the play, the stage was to clear, hastily, the boxes made ready to sell. In a few moments I stepped forward to give my recitation. Perfectly self-possessed, I thought how well I looked, with my curls touching the delicate Oriental lace, and the wide blue sash against my soft

dress. Then I lost myself in my recitation. The audience did not seem properly impressed with it, though it was a very beautiful and serious poem. I made an increased effort—I saw the wounded soldier, riding to the home of the bride he had married when they were but children; I saw them sentenced to exile together. Then I saw something else—my apron. Only the fact that I knew the poem forward and backward saved me. Without faltering, but with a heart of lead, I spoke on to the end. I went off back stage in despair too deep for tears, just a bitter ache. All my golden curls pinned back; all the lovely dress hidden under that horrid apron—it was too much!

Later I learned that no one else remembered the incident long, but I still feel that my most embarrassing moment was on the stage of that little country school house in the West, when I looked down at my figured all-over apron.

—Miss A. M., Fla.

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### Lost Her Balance

My most embarrassing moment was when high school let out. Three of us girls went rowing and the other two didn't know how to row, so I had to row. We were having some fun with some boys we knew from high school. I was not looking where we were rowing. All at once I fell over the seat back to the bottom of the boat, and it was a sight. I didn't know how I ever got out of the boat, but I did; now whenever any of them see me they ask me if I am going rowing, but never again will I go unless someone else rows.

—P. D. B., Chicago, Ill.

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### Oh, Doctor!

My most embarrassing moment occurred about two years ago, but it is most vivid in my mind. I was at a hospital, having undergone a slight operation. My attending physician was a nice-looking young man. When I awoke, the nurse asked me how I felt, but somehow I suspected something had happened from the amused way she kept glancing at me.

I asked her had I said anything while under the influence of ether. Before she had answered my question with more than giggles, my doctor entered.

"My patient is better?" he asked, smilingly, then, "I wonder if she meant all the nice things she said about me?" (I must have, for we are now engaged). I blushing asked what I had said, but he merely smiled and told me to try and sleep. When he left I again asked the nurse what I had said.

Imagine my feelings when she informed me of my highly complimentary remarks about his handsomeness, even praising his pretty, well-kept hands, and saying that I had always liked brown eyes for my Prince Charming. He had brown eyes.

—Miss J. J., Boise, Ida.

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### Nearly Swallowed the Cork

My most embarrassing moment was when I was in the sixth grade at a Catholic school. Just at that time we were having our geography lesson. I hadn't prepared my geography lesson yet, so I was permitted to sit with one of my girl friends. A boy friend of mine happened to be sitting alongside of me. He had a bag of gumdrops and offered me some. (The sister was looking at me all this while, but I didn't know it.) Of course I couldn't refuse to take one, and I put my hand out into the aisle. He closed his hand and dropped something into my hand.

I was just about to put it into my mouth when I noticed that it was the cork from his ink bottle. The whole class was laughing, and the sister asked if he was my fellow. I sure blushed. I was never so embarrassed in all my life. Ever since then I never cared to accept anything while I was in class.

—Martha O'Brady, Gary, Ind.

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### Not As Bad As That

It was while I was a teacher in a large city school that I experienced my most embarrassing moment.

In addition to being a coach in athletics, I had regular classroom duties. When coaching I usually wore a middy-blouse costume, and often, not having time for a change, I would teach my classes in the same costume. But the principal, a very staid old bachelor, considered a middy undignified for the class-room, and had requested me not to wear it to classes.

One day as the bell tapped dismissal I rushed into my middy, intending to coach the girls' basket-ball game after dismissal. But before I had time to leave the building I was presented with a notice to appear in the office, at once, for a faculty consultation. A peep into the office showed me that the other faculty members, some fifty men and women had already assembled. Knowing the impatience of the principal, I decided to go in just as I was dressed.

Imagine my embarrassment on entering the office when the principal said to me in a tone of freezing impatience: "Miss L. will kindly change her teddy-bear to her usual costume before we proceed with the meeting." I did change and went back to the meeting, too embarrassed to look at my fellow teachers. Whether the dear old professor ever learned he'd gotten names mixed, I never knew.

—Mary, Okla.

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### **Earned His Money**

The other night I wandered into a musical comedy show where they were having a garter contest. The curtain was raised just enough to expose the garters of the girls stationed behind it. Each of the judges was to choose a girl who should come out and present him her garter on which was an envelope containing money amounting to from one to twenty-five dollars. Lots were drawn to pick the judges and, much to my surprise, I was chosen.

When my number was called I sprang from my seat as if I had received an electrical shock and on the way to the stage I stumbled over everything possible, others' feet included. When I finally reached the stage I was trembling like a leaf and my feet simply wouldn't behave. I got red in the face and could hardly talk. Everyone was laughing at me and some even thought I was with the show. It was the first time I was ever on a stage and, I'll tell the world, it's my last.

—D. W., Indianapolis, Ind.

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### **Couldn't Stand It**

I got on a crowded bus and had to stand. It was going at a good speed, and therefore it was difficult to stand still, as I had a magazine and a large pocketbook, as well as a bag of candy.



Crossing a car line, the bus gave a jerk, and I stepped on a man's foot. Just as I finished saying, "Pardon me," the bus went over a hole, and I landed in the same man's lap.

Imagine my embarrassment when I had to turn around and say, "Pardon me" again, fearing that any moment the bus might go over another hole. The crowd shouted with laughter, so I joined in. Luckily I arrived at my destination within the next few minutes and it was surprising how fast I got off.

—Mrs. J. H., Chester, W. Va.

### Escort Was Broke Too

My most embarrassing moment was when I was going with a "gob."

My mother asked me one night to go to a drug store to get her some medicine. As the "gob" was over I asked him to go with me for it. After a short walk we arrived at the drug store. I asked the clerk for the medicine I wished to get. When the time came to pay for it I did not have enough money to meet the bill, so I asked the fellow who was with me for the necessary money. I was only one cent short. He said he was sorry but he did not have it. I did not know what to do.

A stranger to me came up and paid the penny I was lacking. I felt cold at first, then warm, and then I turned as red as could be when the stranger came up and said, "Here, lady, is one cent." I picked up the medicine and hurried out of the store as fast as I could. I never went into that store again with that fellow or any other.

—Miss A. B., Hamond, Ind.

### ANOTHER SOCIETY SCANDAL

Mrs. VanJones had engaged an Irish maid. On the day of her dinner party she said to her: "Bridget, tonight you will serve the tomatoes undressed." When the guests were all assembled, imagine their surprise when Bridget, attired only in her undies brought in the tomatoes and said "Sure, Mum, I won't take off another stitch if I lose me job."

You won my heart, said the player as he was trumped in "Sixty-six."



Little six-year-old Pauline Zelznick likes the cartoons in "Flapper's Experience," even if she can't figure them out. But perhaps some of her elders aren't much better.



Mary had a little dog;  
It was so mild, and meek;  
No matter what the parasol  
Concealed, it wouldn't squeak,  
But how embarrassed Mary'd be  
If that poor dog could speak.

### PARADOX

When I was young my ma would taunt  
My hoggish ways with this refrain:  
"The more you eat the more you want,"  
And make me stop despite the pain.

But since I've grown to man's estate  
My childish sin I'd fain repeat;  
My grief today is far more great:  
The more I want the less I eat.

### When the Lip Sticks

HELEN: "What sort of impression did Marion make on you last night?"

SAMUEL: "Perfect; but darn hard to rub off."

# My GREATEST SORROW



An Experience Annual will be awarded for every letter published under the above heading. Names and addresses kept confidential if requested.

## Two Bits Worth of Sorrow

It is strange yet true that a quarter caused my greatest sorrow. Other people have had sorrow caused by the death of friends or relatives, injuries, great disasters and many other things, but my greatest sorrow was caused by the above mentioned amount of money. It came about in this way.

On the 18th of October, 1920 I received a quarter from the Seattle Times for a limerick I had written for a limerick contest conducted by that newspaper. That was the smallest prize offered, yet it was the largest amount in the world to me. Here is the limerick that was printed in the October 15th issue.

While reading the paper last Wednesday  
I read of a man named Jazzensky.

Must be he who has  
Invented the jazz,

The music that mostly for men's play.

When I got that quarter I was the happiest man on earth, for that brought about the realization of my life-long dream—to make money writing. Authorship was then and still is the one ambition of my life, so that quarter made me realize that success in this line of effort was possible for me as well as for other men already established in the writing game.

As that was the very first money I had ever made in literature, I determined to save that quarter forever. The longer I kept it, the more precious it became until I thought

that I could never part with it. But cruel circumstances make things go far different from the way they are planned.

Soon I was laid off, and as work was hard to get that fall in Seattle, Wash., the future looked dark for me. The little pile of money which I had saved up began getting smaller and smaller until I was almost broke. But I still had that quarter and the same determination to hang onto it. I tried to borrow some money from some fellows I knew and who I thought were my friends, but as I was not working, they would not listen to me. I even began going without a meal once in a while to make my money last longer.

Things went along like this until one morning I found myself dead broke except for that quarter and the week's room rent receipt. That made the quarter look more precious than ever. I tried harder than ever to find work, but all in vain. That day I did not eat, and the next morning awoke suffering from hunger which I could no longer endure. I just must have food. There was no use denying that. So I went to the nearest restaurant.

There I had a dish of prunes, a sandwich and a glass of milk which came to twenty-five cents. How I hated to part with that money! Seeing the cashier put my quarter into the cash register was just like seeing a dear friend pass away. It sure was an awful sight! That quarter which a moment before had been securely locked up in my pocketbook, was lying in the cash register, and I would never see it again! It was gone forever!

I hated to eat that food, but my hunger made me do it. Yet I am sure that the food did not do me as much good as it would have had I bought it with other money. Each bite was painful, and I was glad when I was through. Then I hurried out onto the street. It had already started to rain. I paid no attention to this; nor did I notice the many people who passed by me, each one entirely ignorant of the great sorrow I would have to bear for the rest of my life. I was still thinking of my quarter.

How quickly it has passed out of my life! How I shuddered when I thought of the fate in store for that precious jewel, for such it was to me.

Soon it would be used as change by the cashier and thus would pass into the hands of others and would be slaughtered in the business of buying and selling things. What a cruel way to treat my quarter. For a while I thought of returning to the restaurant and demanding back my quarter. Yet common sense told me that that would be a foolish thing to do, because how would the cashier be able to pick my quarter out of all the other quarters lying in the cash register? No, that would never do.

The passing away of my quarter emptied my purse and my heart, and it made me realize more than ever how empty life is without the things one loves the best. It also made me realize how weak a person is against the forces of nature; also how cruel are circumstances which makes people do things that break their hearts. That was and always will be my greatest sorrow!

—George F. Young, Hotel Atlas, 125 S. Fremont Ave.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

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### Toll of the Flames

It seems like that terrible nightmare has come to haunt me again, so I will put here, in the briefest fashion possible, an account of my greatest sorrow.

I was just a kid, 16 to be precise, and had never paid much attention to the opposite sex until May, 1923, when I met Jerry, a handsome gray-eyed fireman with curly brown hair and a delightful Irish accent. For six months we had "dates" and happy little meetings. Our friendship grew into something deeper, we lived in the seventh heaven of bliss. Then, like an agent of fate, came the big Traction Co. fire. Jerry and I were together; looking across the city we could see the red glow coloring the sky.

Jerry leaped to his feet, his gray eyes bright, but as steady as ever. Snatching his cap he hesitated, took me into his arms and kissed my lips. The hot pressure of his mouth thrilled me. I returned the caress and saw him jump into a car and be whisked away into the darkness. For three hours I watched that enemy of man hurl its glare against the sky. I could wait no longer. Hurrying to the garage, I rolled out the car and drove recklessly toward the fire.

For blocks the mob lined the streets, held back by the police force. Leaving the car, I squirmed through the excited throngs until I reached the ropes where I tried in vain to catch a glimpse of Jerry.

Above the din of the multitude a paralyzing shriek was heard—a shriek that chilled my blood and caused every face in that vast crowd to be turned upward. At a third story window appeared the wild, terrified face of "Old Mike," a janitor. A ladder was hastily extended and leaned against the burning building. Hot flames licked their way around it. Surely no man could endure that hell of fire and smoke. For a fraction of a second the mob was silenced, then a great roar of approval drowned the crackling of the blazes and Jerry—my Jerry—mounted the ladder rung by rung, climbing into the very jaws of a grim, horrible death.

With sickening terror I watched him go higher, a haze danced before my eyes and it seemed that the people were far off shouting advice and warning up to Jerry. The old walls groaned but he paid no heed; the ladder swayed, for one minute he looked down at the sea of faces below, then up at Old Mike and continued to climb steadily. The timbers gave way—somewhere beneath that heap of burning, twisted wreckage my Jerry was buried. Generous, gray-eyed Jerry, whose every feature is stamped forever in my memory.

People wonder at me because I pay no attention to admirers. But how can I care for them? My path is rough and lonely but I swear I'll go it alone—Jerry did. No lips have touched mine since that long sweet kiss and none ever shall, for part of my broken heart lies with Jerry—beyond the Great Divide.

—L. A. C., Rockford, Ill.

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### CAKLE LIKE A HEN

IKIE: "I had the best chicken dinner today, and for only 10 cents."

ABIE: "Where could you get a chicken dinner for a dime?"

IKIE: "At the feed store."



Here's a "snap" of Marie Warren, Chicago, who drew the two-color picture, "I Wonder Who'll Be the Next to Break My Heart," on page 43 of our Annual No. 2. She's only 20 years old, 5 ft. 4½ in. tall, weighs 120 pounds, and enjoys the movies, swimming and dancing.

## ST. LOUIS



The Richard Dix type appeals to "Bobby Beck" of St Louis, Mo. She's 18, 5 ft. 1½ in. tall, weighs 119, and has auburn hair and brown eyes.

## THEN SHE FLEW

NORA (tripping on toy): "Darn it!"

SHOCKED MISTRESS: "Don't ever let me hear you cursing again in front of the children. Don't you know that you'll never go to heaven if you swear?"

LITTLE JOHNNY: "Only angels are kept in heaven, aren't they, mum?"

SHOCKED MISTRESS: "Of course, dear."

LITTLE JOHNNY: "Well, Nora's going to heaven."

SHOCKED MISTRESS: "How do you know?"

LITTLE JOHNNY: "'Cause pop called her an angel this morning."

## BOTH FULL OF PRUNES

FIRST SPORT: "Do what I do and you'll be full of Pep."

SECOND SPORT: "Follow my example, and you'll be full of Grape-Nuts."

# MY FIRST KISS



An Experience Annual will be awarded for every letter published under the above heading. Names and addresses kept confidential if requested.

## Tasted Good

Do I remember my first kiss? I'll say I do! Although I was only 13 at the time, it certainly did hand me some thrill. The scene of "action" was in the school-yard where I was talking to my first boy friend. One by one the other girls and boys went home until we were left alone. Suddenly he drew me to him and kissed me! What a thrill! I didn't know what struck me. He walked home with me, and on arriving at my house said, "W-w-will you give me another kiss?"

—F. C., N. J.

## Brothers All In the Army

I wonder if I will ever be able to forget that first kiss of mine? It happened when I was 15 years of age. My brother had entered the army and we were expecting him home on a visit. He had written that we could expect him almost any time. One evening when it was quite dark out of doors, it happened to be my luck to be alone at home. Mother and Dad were out of town and my sister was at the theater with a friend. I had been upstairs lying on the bed reading a thrilling novel when suddenly I heard the doorbell ring.

I rushed down stairs to see who it was. I was half-way down stairs when I saw it was a figure in khaki. Without stopping to think I rush down the stairs and into his arms. He took me into his arms and kissed me several times. I returned them, thinking all the time it was my brother. We went into the house, his arm around my waist.

Imagine my surprise when, after turning on the light, I saw it was an absolute stranger. I gasped and blushed a crimson red. He explained then that he was a buddy of my broth-



er's and had been asked to call on us when he reached the city. I have seen him several times since, but haven't been able to forget those first kisses of his.

—Doris Mautz, N. D.

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### And That's That

I don't remember when I had my real first kiss, but the one that lingers most in my mind is still very dear to me.

I was only twelve years old then, but I was already priding myself on having made a "hit" with a nice girl. I met her up at my cousin's birthday party and—as was the custom in 1919—they always played kissing games after the "eats" were disposed of.

Although this girl was stuck on me and I on her, she had a crush on another fellow four years my senior, more than she had on me, but my aunt would not allow him up to our party, so she had to be satisfied with me.

Everything went lovely until near the close of the party, when she excused herself and went on the back porch, evidently looking for this fellow four years my senior. Naturally I grew jealous, so followed her and when she got to the porch I was directly in back of her, and just as she went forward to meet the other fellow I pulled her back in my arms and kissed her. It was a long, lingering kiss and right in front of "him" too. Boy, but he was mad and she was embarrassed, but I was worried not. I threw a kiss at him and, ta-ta, I was gone.

She didn't speak to me for a week afterward, but then we made up again and now I am still going around with her, although I've kissed many more girls between 1919 and 1925; but she's also kissed more fellows, so "that's that," as the collegians would say.

—F. F. P., M-4643, Detroit, Mich.

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### HE SHELL NUT PASS

A minister officiating at a funeral was eulogizing the departed and concluded with these remarks:

"Friends, all that remains here is the shell; the nut has gone."

# *My Greatest Thrill*

An Experience Annual will be awarded for every letter published under the above heading. Names and addresses kept confidential if requested.

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## **We Bought Her a Nightie**

My greatest thrill? That's easy. It came when— But let me start at the beginning, where all properly organized stories should begin.

When "Flapper's Experience" was the "Flapper," it ran a contest—"Why Girls Leave Home." Never expecting to win a prize, I wrote a letter to the editor and told him why I had left home. Then I forgot all about it until, a few months afterward, I took my monthly copy of the "Flapper" home from my favorite newsstand and there, among the winners, I found my letter. Talk about thrills! If you've never won a contest prize, if you've never seen your name in print, over or under something you've written, my children, you've never been thrilled.

The prize? Oh, the prize was \$5.00, and I bought myself a pink crepe-de-chine nightie that I'd been wanting for weeks with it.

—Ernestine Harris, Charleston, W. Va.

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## **At the Psychological Moment**

There were seven of us sitting against a barn house out on a ranch, telling ghost stories.

I was trying to tell a big one, relating what an old woman had told me. I was telling of some one entering the door. All the girls and boys had their thoughts on what I was saying and were not noticing anything around, when all of a sudden the cat sprang into my lap.

I gave such a yell, and only to find it was a cat. My companions had a laugh on me. But that was about my greatest thrill, and I almost cried.

—Mrs. Lorine Bullington, 1817 W. Washington Ave., Santa Ana, Calif.

## MEMBERS NATIONAL FLAPPERS FLOCK

The National Flappers Flock is an organization of flappers and flippers throughout the world who correspond with each other, exchange experiences, snaps, etc. Following is a complete list of members admitted since last issue. M signifies male, F female. Members may obtain name and address of any on list on application. To join, fill blank below and mail with dollar to National Flappers Flock, Suite 760, 443 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. You will receive membership card and club pin, and your number will be published in first possible issue after application has been accepted.

### CONDUCTED BY AIMEE MAE

JUST SEE what a representative list of new members we have this month! From everywhere they come—Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Idaho, Missouri, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Connecticut, Florida, California, Virginia, West Virginia, Kansas, Arkansas, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, Minnesota, Georgia, Washington, and even the Hawaiian Islands—all anxious to get into the latest fad of making friends by correspondence. And from the way the mailman keeps running into our office it seems that the venture is proving highly successful—even if at times I am so crowded that letters have to await their turn.

However, you can't make the work too hard for me—that's what I'm here for. And, by the way, don't think that the only names and addresses

you get are the ones furnished you at the time you join. Each member is entitled to ask for five names and addresses a month—so if at first you don't succeed in finding a pleasant pen pal—try, try again! Only please remember to send postage when specifying numbers you wish to correspond with—every little bit helps.

Oh, yes—and don't forget that lists of members by states are furnished at 25 cents each. Most of the states are grouped—just specify the state desired and I will send you the list, which, with the exception of the highly populated centers, usually includes two or three states.

This month the girls have crowded out the boys' photos—but I hope the editor will find room for a few in the next issue.

Date.....

NATIONAL FLAPPERS FLOCK,  
Suite 760—443 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Aimee Mae:

The undersigned herewith applies for membership in the NATIONAL FLAPPERS FLOCK. Enclosed find one dollar for annual dues.



Name .....

Address .....

Age..... Height..... Weight.....

Color of Eyes..... Kind and Color of Hair.....

Favorite Diversions .....

Remarks .....

I would like to correspond with.....(give Memb. numbers)

Be sure to cast your vote for one of the two candidates for president of the N. F. F.—Phil Love and Earl E. Smith. Ballots will be mailed to the members; or you may use the ballot published in the September number.

Praise for our methods is voiced by Mr. Burgess of Mounds, Okla., who writes: "I would like to say here that your system is better than that of any correspondence club that I know of. With the others you write to a name you know absolutely nothing about, just 'sight-unseen' business, and when you write to a member of the Flock you know just about what they are, before you hear from them."

And this letter from a new member is so interesting I am quoting it in full: "Am just writing you a few lines telling you how very much I enjoy reading F. E. It certainly is one of the finest and cleanest magazines any parents could let their sons and daughters read."

"I came to know about 'Flapper's Experience' in a very strange way but I am very glad I did. One time I was visiting an old acquaintance and there chanced to see an old magazine and thought I would glance through it, and to my amazement I became quite interested and read several pages until I found I was reading Annual Book of Experience of 1924. I also noticed mention of the "Experience" Magazine as it was then called, and I did not hesitate to buy the next copy, and have been reading it ever since that happened about half a year ago."

"If you care to publish this letter you may, for I do so want to help boost 'Flapper's Experience' and not down it. I have seen magazines on the market that have pictures that really were classed as obscene—as for this little book as many issues as I have been reading never did I find one obscene picture printed therein. I boost N. F. F. and hope to be a 100 per cent member and reader.—Miss M. Beyer, Chicago, Ill."

M-3588 Fla. Age 30, height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 150, blue eyes, light hair. Favorite diversions: dancing, all kinds of sports.

M-3589 Calif. Age 25, height 6 ft., weight 160, blue eyes, black hair. Favorite diversions: dancing, shows and travel. Remarks: answer all letters and tell you about Hollywood.

M-3590 N. Y. Age 22, height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 160, blue eyes, auburn hair. Favorite diversions: dancing, motoring, shows, etc.

M-3591 Wash. Age 20, height 5 ft. 5 in., weight 135, brown eyes, brown curly hair. Favorite diversions: dancing, all kinds of sports. Remarks: am a boxer.

M-3592 Ill. Age 20, height 5 ft. 7½ in., weight 148, grey eyes, dark brown hair. Favorite diversions: swimming and all outdoor sports. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3593 Calif. Age 22, height 5 ft. 2 in., weight 135, brown eyes, black hair. Favorite diversions: athletics, shows and traveling. Remarks: would like to hear from flippers and flappers.

M-3594 Wash.

M-3595 Idaho. Age 21, height 5 ft. 10½ in., weight 140, light brown eyes, dark brown hair.



Blue eyes and black hair is the combination sported by Earle Klingensmith of Sheffield, O. He's 22 years old, 5 ft. 6 in. tall, and says he's lonely.

M-3247 Mich. Age 26, height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 168, grey eyes, brown hair. Favorite diversions: baseball or shows. Remarks: will answer all letters.

F-214 Calif. Age 17, height 5 ft. 2 in., weight 118, light brown eyes, light brown hair. Favorite diversions: reading, hiking and all sports. Remarks: like people with a sense of humor.

F-215 Ark. Age 18, height 5 ft. 2½ in., weight 115, blue eyes, dark brown wavy hair. Favorite diversions: horseback riding and dancing. Remarks: would like early replies

M-3586 Calif. Age 32, height 5 ft. 8½ in., weight 160, brown eyes, dark brown hair. Favorite diversions: movies, hiking, boating and fishing. Remarks: will answer all letters, bar none.

M-3587 Calif. Age 23, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 130, grey eyes, brown hair. Favorite diversions: anything. Remarks: will answer all letters.

F-216 Wis. Age 18, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 129, brown eyes, blonde curly hair. Favorite diversions: motoring, movies and radio. Remarks: answer all letters from flippers and flappers.

M-3596 Ill. Age 27, height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 160, brown eyes, auburn hair. Favorite diversions: all outdoor sports. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3597 Pa. Age 31, height 6 ft., weight 162, gray eyes, blonde hair. Favorite diversions: skiing, swimming and canoeing. Paint in oil colors, like to invent (have invention). Remarks: prefer an English girl.

M-3598 Fla. Age 22, height 5 ft. 7½ in., weight 150, blue eyes, dark brown hair. Favorite diversions: all outdoor sports. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3599 Ill. Age 30, height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 140, blue eyes, light blond hair. Favorite diversions: boat rides. Remarks: would like to correspond with a real nice girl.

M-3600 Ohio. Age 18, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 145, dark blue eyes, dark brown hair. Favorite diversions: dancing, swimming and tennis.

M-3602 T. H. Age 28, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 135, blue eyes, brown hair. Favorite diversions: music and swimming. Remarks: will write to anyone of any age.

M-3603 Md. Age 26, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 150, blue eyes, curly auburn hair. Favorite diversions: all sports. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3601 Ill. Age 20, height 6 ft. 1 in., weight 154, gray eyes, blonde hair. Favorite diversions: motor boating, swimming, autoing, dancing, golf, parties and all college athletics. Remarks: frat man, junior in college, 3-letter ath. man, play jazz piano.

M-3605 Ill. Age 40, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 170, blue eyes, brown hair.

M-3606 O. Age 31, height 6 ft. 1 in., weight 195, blue eyes, dark brown hair. Favorite diversions: fishing and hiking. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3607 Ind. Age 23, height 6 ft., weight 140, brown eyes, brown hair. Favorite diversions: hiking, athletics, photography. Remarks: will make free prints from negatives sent me by members.

M-3608 Ill. Age 21, weight 146, gray eyes, brown hair. Favorite diversions: motoring, theaters, all sports. Remarks: will answer all letters from flappers.

F-218 Ia. Age 18, height 5 ft. 6½ in., weight 128, light brown eyes and hair. Favorite diversions: dancing, riding.

M-3432 O. Age 21, height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 180, blue eyes, light hair. Favorite diversions: swimming, auto, radio. Remarks: lonesome; will answer all letters.

M-3609 Ill. Age 23, height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 160, brown eyes and hair. Favorite diversions: all amusements. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3611 Ill. Age 22, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 165, gray eyes, wavy black hair. Favorite diversions: baseball, basketball, dancing and theater. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3612 Ill. Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 160, gray eyes, light blond hair. Favorite diversions: baseball, football, dancing, theater. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3613 Va. Age 17, weight 120, gray eyes, brown wavy hair. Favorite diversions: anything with lots of pep. Remarks: would like to write to pretty flapper.

M-3614 T. H. Age 20, height 6 ft., weight 168, brown eyes and hair. Favorite diversions: all outdoor sports. Remarks: will answer all letters.



Name is Beatrice Block, age 21, height 5 ft. 2 in., weight 113 pounds, and she likes dancing.

M-3615 W. Va. Age 19, height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 138, brown eyes, black hair. Favorite diversions: dancing, reading.

M-3616 Pa. Age 28, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 145, dark eyes, dark hair. Favorite diversions: dancing, motoring, all kinds of sports, movies, and girls. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3414 Wis. Age 20, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 129, blue eyes, light brown hair. Favorite diversions: all outdoor sports, also movies. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3617 Conn. Age 17, height 5 ft. 11¼ in., weight 148, hazel eyes, brown hair. Favorite diversions: roller skating and swimming. Remarks: would like to hear from some flappers.

M-3371 Wash. Age 25, height 5 ft. 2½ in., weight 130, brown eyes, brown hair. Favorite diversions: baseball and all sports. Remarks: would like to hear from all.

M-3424 Mich. Age 30, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 155, black eyes, medium dark hair. Favorite diversions: camping, dancing, touring, shows. Remarks: will answer all letters I get.

M-3621 Ill. Age 22, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 150, gray eyes, dark reddish hair. Favorite diversions: music, dancing, parties, etc. Remarks: will answer anyone.

M-3622 O. Age 18, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 125, brown eyes, black hair. Favorite diversions: track athletics, dancing, flappers. Remarks: like to write and receive letters.

M-3623 N. Y. Age 35, height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 175, brown eyes, black hair. Favorite diversions: swimming, dancing and professional acting. Remarks: am a jolly good fellow; 100 per cent personality; will answer letters.

M-3624 Wash. Age 22, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 170, blue eyes, light brown hair. Favorite diversions: writing, dancing, baseball, vaudeville. Remarks: will answer all letters, especially from West Coast maids; looking for a good home, lonely and blue.

M-3625 Wash. Age 25, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 170, brown eyes, wavy brown hair. Favorite diversions: photography, writing, dancing, all outdoor life, travel. Remarks: world-traveled; letters from flappers and flippers alike welcome; glad to exchange pictures.

M-3626 Mich. Age 20, height 6 ft., weight 150, blue eyes, light hair. Favorite diversions: motoring, movies, etc. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3627 Ga. Age 30, height 5 ft. 6½ in., weight 155, brown eyes, dark brown hair. Favorite diversions: hiking, fishing and all athletics. Remarks: will answer all correspondence.

M-3628 Pa. Age 19, height 5 ft. 10½ in., weight 160, gray eyes, sandy colored hair. Favorite diversions: sports of all kinds, auto riding. Remarks: will answer all letters from flappers.

M-3629 Calif. Age 26, height 5 ft. 4½ in., weight 135, blue eyes, blond hair. Favorite diversions: boxing, roller skating, stepping out. Remarks: like speed.

M-3635 T. H. Age 25, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 142, gray eyes, dark hair. Favorite diversions: swimming, hiking, etc. Remarks: want to hear from flappers.

M-3376 Calif. Age 23, height 5 ft. 5 in., weight 155, blue eyes, brown curly hair. Favorite diversions: all sports, music. Remarks: I dare the flappers to write.

M-3630 Pa. Age 20, height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 174, blue eyes, dark hair. Favorite diversions: aeroplaning, racing, boxing. Remarks: would like to know a nice old-fashioned flapper.

M-3631 N. Y. Age 20, height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 125, blue eyes, medium brown hair. Favorite diversions: something worth while. Remarks: am all alone—and waiting.

M-3632 Pa. Height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 143, blue eyes, medium dark hair. Favorite diversions: hunting, fishing, autoing. Remarks: I want to find and know a real honest and true hearted girl.

F-217 Ill. Age 20, height 5 ft., weight 140, hazel brown eyes, medium brown hair. Favorite diversions: all clean sports and am member of Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club. Remarks: will answer all letters.

M-3604 Mo. Age 21, height 6 ft., weight 160, blue eyes, brown hair. Favorite diversions: football and blondes. Remarks: after Sept 10 will be located in Highland, Kans., where college and I will agree.



Little doubt that hiking is the favorite sport of Oscar Klatt, 1604 N. 20th St., Sheboygan, Wis. Wherever he goes he finds F. E. on sale.

M-3618 Fla. Age 17, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 120, dark brown eyes and hair. Favorite diversions: auto riding, outdoor sports, etc. Remarks: would like to correspond with nice clean girls.

F-219 Ill. Age 15, height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 120, brown eyes and hair. Favorite diversions: movies, dances.

F-220 Kans. Age 17, height 5 ft. 3 in., weight 105, brown eyes, dark brown hair. Favorite diversions: carnivals, dancing, boating. Remarks: will answer all letters from any good-looking fellows.

M-3610 N. Y. Age 17, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 145, blue eyes, light brown hair. Favorite diversions: swimming, hiking, camping, movies. Remarks: would like to correspond with all young flappers.

M-3634 Calif. Age 24, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 145, gray eyes, brown hair. Favorite diversions: dancing, shows. Remarks: would like to hear from California flappers.

M-3633 Pa. Age 21, height 5 ft. 5 in., weight 145, brown eyes and hair. Favorite diversions: motoring and outdoor sports. Remarks: am an up-to-date flipper.

F-221 Minn. Age 25, height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 135, grayish blue eyes, wavy bobbed hair. Favorite diversions: dancing, swimming, tennis, and all-around good time. Remarks: would like to correspond with Jewish young man, age 28 to 32, taller than I but not as silly.

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**Sam's Son**—And you say you're mad because you didn't get last month's copy of "Flapper's Experience." Don't you know that every time you get angry your vitality shrinks? Scientists say that after even the most artfully suppressed signs of bad temper the vitality becomes smaller and smaller, until finally nothing is left. I find that your subscription has expired, so you really have no cause for complaint. Send in a dollar for five months' renewal, and I will send you a free gift, so that your nerves may again attain a state of normality.

**Crippled**—No, indeed; if you have lost your legs you will never wear out your shoes.

**Belvidere**—The following words end with the suffix "cion": coercion, suspicion, scion, internecion, epinicion, and cestracion.

**T. A.**—A simple remedy for a mild case of poison ivy is to bathe the poisoned member freely in buttermilk hourly until the inflammation subsides.

**Robert Shapiro**—You will make a fortune if you invent a device to enable people to work while they sleep, and spend the days enjoying themselves on the money they earned by their labor. Don't give up.



**PHYSICIAN**: "Madam, you appear to be suffering from a bad case of acute indigestion."

**PATIENT**: "Oh, doctor—I didn't know that was what you called it, but you're wrong; it was only a pint!"

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